

## A QUESTION CONSIDERED

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Not long ago Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn, delivered an address before the Universalists, General Convention in Boston. Among other things he is reported to have said: "I do not believe that the guilt of Adam and Eve was imputed, or that their sinful and corrupt nature was conveyed to their posterity." While I agree with Dr. Abbott as to the guilt of Adam and Eve, yet I totally disagree with him in reference to the conveyance of the sinful and corrupt nature of the first pair to their posterity. It is strange indeed that any intelligent person, well acquainted with the teachings of the Bible, can deny such conveyance. And, besides, it is thoroughly philosophical to say that the children of sinful and corrupt parents must, of necessity, inherit the same fallen, sinful nature. To assume that children do not inherit such a nature is to assume that when they are born their natures are wholly pure, entirely free from the taint of depravity, and therefore, that they have no need whatever of the atonement of Christ, should they die in early infancy. Of course, too, it follows that parents, saturated with depravity, do not transmit any of their depravity to their children. This is the irresistible conclusion from Dr. Abbott's premises. Certainly, if the "sinful and corrupt nature" of parents be not conveyed to their children, then it must be that the nature of new born children is sinless and incorrupt. If so, how did the children receive that nature? By miracle? It must be so, if Dr. Abbott's theory be true; but it is not true. It is positively contrary to Bible teaching. The Bible teaches that the children of "unclean" parents are also unclean. People may say that little children are members of God's kingdom by birthright. If so, then they are in it without being regenerated; they are in it as sinners, for they are sinners in nature. I affirm that the nature of the parents is transmitted to their children, and hence that they are sinners, needing the application of Christ's atonement. At the meeting referred to, Dr. Abbott told why he was not a universalist. Judging him by what he said there I should call him a universalist. The positions which he took logically lead to that seat.

## Home Circle

## A Nursery Echo

The Parish Visitor.

"Mother," said George, "we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here."

Well, so we have," said his mother. "This house is full of echoes."

"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose, but I think the nursery is the best place."

Off ran George, delighted, but as he enter-

ed the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite, and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried, angrily, "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"

"Bad boy, bad boy," shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected, she said, soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.

"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back the very tones of your voice, so your little brother and sister reflect back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this it will make you very careful how you speak."

Later in the day, Georgie was playing stage coach with the little children, and with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. "I wish," she cried out, angrily, "that you would go downstairs, you are such a noisy, horrid boy."

"You are a horrid old thing yourself," he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

"Why," he said, "I was an echo myself that time," and when his mother came in just then they had another little talk about echoes, and both Georgie and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was "sour."

"Georgie," said his mother, "now is your chance," and Georgie ran into the room, and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few moments he was in high humor, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which the echo.

"Don't Don't!"

Christian Advocate.

One autumn day my little boy brought to me a cocoon, the first one he had ever noticed.

"O what is this, papa?" he asked.

For answer I told him about the many worms which a few weeks ago we had seen crawling about the garden. Then we carefully examined the little cocoon in which, I told him, a sleepy worm was now hidden away. And then I explained how that, in the spring, the chrysalis inside would come forth a gorgeous butterfly.

To test my boy's love for nature and the beautiful, I then placed the cocoon on the ground, and pretended that I was going to crush it with my foot.

"O papa! Don't! Don't!" the little fellow screamed.

"Why not?" I asked.

"O you'd kill the butterfly! Please don't papa!"

Then I took the fragile cocoon again in my hand, and the little lad in my arms, and told him that I had not intended crushing out the life within, but that I was testing my

boy to see if he loved what God had made.

"I do love what God has made," the little fellow said. "I love everything!"

"You do not love sinful things?" I questioned.

"O no, papa! I don't love naughty things," he answered.

"I love my little boy," I said, "and just what he loves."

Then about my neck I felt the clash of two loving arms, and on my cheek a tender kiss, and heard the sweet words: "I knew you loved me, papa!"

While talking I was thinking: How easy for me to crush out the pure soul-life, and to defile the whole being of the tender lad in my arms. And how many helpless children are trampled and broken by remorseless men and women, who care not one whit for the ruin they have wrought.

"O, God," I prayed, "keep Thou my boy from fiendish hands!"

And God replied: "Thou art thy brother's keeper!"

## At Prayer Meeting

There were only two or three of us

Who came to the place of prayer.

Came in the teeth of a driving storm;

But for that we did not care,

Since after our hymns of praise had risen,

And our earnest prayers were said,

The Master himself was present there,

And gave us the living bread.

We knew His look on our leader's face,

So rapt and glad and free;

We felt his touch when our heads were bowed,

We heard His "Come to me."

Nobody saw Him lift the latch,

And none unbarred the door;

But "peace" was His token to every heart,

And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the load of sin

From the weary shoulder fall;

Each of us dropped the load of care,

And the grief that was like a pall;

And over our spirits a blessed calm

Swept in from the jasper sea,

And strength was ours for toil and strife

In the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in

To the little place of prayer,

Outside were struggling and pain and sin,

But the Lord Himself was there;

He came to redeem the pledge He gave—

Wherever His loved ones be

To stand Himself in the midst of them,

Tho they count but two or three.

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,

And our hearts had grown so warm,

It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,

And not the crash of the storm;

"'Twas a time of the dearest privilege

On the Lord's right hand!" we said,

As we thought how Jesus Himself had come

To feed us with living bread.

—Margaret E. Sangser.

From the example of Jesus in the wilderness we may learn how to meet temptation. Jesus did not argue with satan. That is always fatal. He used the word of God as his weapon, and this of course means that he was familiar with the word. He could say, "It is written." He who can look satan in the face with a good text and throw it at him is safe.